



Published by the Press Publishing Company

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH ..... 30c.  
PER YEAR ..... \$3.00

VOL. 32 ..... No. 11,206

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second class matter.

HEAD OFFICES  
WORLD OFFICE—127 BROADWAY  
Between 3rd and 3½ sts., New York  
WORLD HARLEM OFFICE—128 BROAD ST. AND  
MARION AVE.,  
BROOKLYN—309 WASHINGTON ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING, 112  
NORTH 5TH ST., WASHINGTON—610 FAIRFIELD,  
LONDON OFFICE—62 CLOTHESSTREET, TRAFALGAR  
GARDEN.

## A Triumphal March.

## THE STRIDES OF A YEAR.

## March '91 and '92 Compared.

## PAPERS PRINTED.

Average Number of Worlds Printed During March, 1891	312,570
Average Number of Worlds Printed During March, 1892	390,269
Gain Per Day in Average Number of Papers Printed	77,699

## ADVERTISING.

Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March, 1891	71,922
Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March, 1892	83,460
Gain in Advertising	11,538

**THE WORLD** will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any reel of manuscript, or package, of whatsoever character or value. No exception will be made to any rule with regard to the letters or manuscripts, or any other correspondence concerning manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

The public got the drop on B now and Fox. That is why we laugh so loud.

Anybody who got a drink yesterday got it and relished it, besides paying for it, that's all.

Yes, it was again a dry Sunday in New York. But the wet season at Coney Island opened promisingly.

Solomon in all his glory was not afraid such as Capt. McLaughlin made in the Tenderloin Precinct Saturday night.

The effect of climate on marksmanship makes dueling on the other side safe, even when expert shooting talent is concerned.

If the "field of honor" has any real friends left, proudest satisfaction in its behalf should be demanded of Bowdow and Fox.

BISMARCK first brought Czarina out according to a Berlin newspaper. Circumstances and the Kaiser are now crowding him out.

Warden THAYER, of Danvers, had better be careful of strangers who shake hands with him in the streets. Mr. O'Brien, esq., may be around, you know.

Coney Island put on its swankiest clothes and opened the Summer season yesterday. It's the same old unparaded Coney, only "Coneyites" is not so malignant as last year.

The Chingosho who sold corner lots with several fathoms of Lake Michigan water surging over them has been sent to prison. Clegg is losing its most enterprising citizens rapidly.

Supt. PORTER believes the late New York State census has been shamefully padded. He is not an authority on this matter. His strong point is in knocking the stuffing out of the population.

The barber who walked to Coney Island in less than two hours yesterday made \$1,200 by the feet. Men walk home from there in the Summer season who have nothing but their feet left when they reach this end of the bridge.

Chinese troops, judging from the details of the recent suppression of the rebels, carry no sentiment into warfare. Women and children and peasants in the fields were mowed down by the repeating

rifles of the regulars; quiet homes were ravaged and desolation left in the track of the army. Some soldiers would have felt that part of their mission was to preserve the country.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is getting himself disliked by the Germans in Samoa, who accuse him of seeking to undermine their influence. The gentlemen who feel themselves thus offended are likely to monopolize all the worry there is in the matter.

"TIFF, TIFF, TFOOF."

"London laughs" is the cable report that comes across the ocean in connection with the bloodless "duel" between HALLÉT ALSTON BONHOMME and Edward FOX, New York joins in the Cockney merriment, but at the same time feels mortified that Americans should have been actors in the ridiculous opera bouffe performance at Newport Bains.

The conviction is general that the fight was a fake. The affair was an Offenbachian farce from beginning to end. It was a "puff, puff, puff" flavor about it which nobody could mistake.

"Le Gentil Boum" was recognizable in the bombastic cartel sent by Bonhommé to Fox, in the "last dying speech and confession" of the latter: in the cigarette smoking of the runaway Lethario and in the perforated coat and frayed pantaloons of the Modest warrior. If the Inde had been in deadly earnest it can readily be believed that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the centre of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator Hill, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the railroads and the people want the bridge.

Wolf belongs to a family of nine children, all helplessly young but himself and a senior brother. During the day he attends a public school, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, but he works from the time school is out until 7 o'clock, when he goes home with never less than a dollar in his pocket. He has a monkey bank, and by agreement with his mother is allowed to keep one-fourth of all his earnings, which goes to pay for his shoes and clothes.

His stand, which he declaims is the best in the city, and of which he considers him to be proprietor, in defense of which he has fought and bled frequently and profusely, is that of curiosities directly opposite the entrance to the Pulitzer Building.

Henry Wolf paints himself with his noon evening papers under his arm six evenings a week, from Sunday and Winter, sunshines and storms. He has a very mean idea about the business, and a range of observation that is quite remarkable in a boy of his years.

Wolf doesn't do very much yelling, "It's no use," he tells me, "unless you want to get a sore throat."

"Men don't buy the paper 'cause you holler at them; they buy it 'cause they want it. And when you holler all the extra it only makes them tired. You just want to save paper, sir, and hand the one he looks on. And you have to hurry, 'cause he don't want to stop, for he won't get a seat in the bridge cars. A man will not always buy the paper if you give him the right one, but he gets it if you offer the one he doesn't like."

"Wet weather is always bad for the newsboy. Nobody wants to stop, and the roads get all the traffic. But a fog is bully and so is a fire. If it's big enough, little fires isn't much good. When a steamer's lost or a man's been electrocuted everybody, even the children, wants a paper."

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

\$1 apiece to make a popular completion of the fund.

It is unseemly that there should be any necessity to beg for money for such an object. Every citizen of New York ought to feel proud that the great soldier of the Union chose this city as his last resting-place, and to regard it as a sacred duty to aid in erecting a fitting monument over the hero's tomb.

Gen. HORACE PORTER's last appeal should draw forth a prompt, generous and fully sufficient response. For its own honor, New York ought to supply the entire deficiency at once, before the ceremonies of next Wednesday close.

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

The proposed North River Railroad Bridge, to connect New York and New Jersey, is exciting quite a commotion at Washington. A bill authorizing its construction is before the Senate Committee on Commerce. It is stoutly opposed by Mayor GRANT and as stoutly advocated by Senator HILL.

Mayor GRANT sends a protest to the Senate Committee, similar to one previously sent to the House, in which he declares that the people of New York do not want the bridge and that there is no public sentiment in favor of the project.

Senator HILL, on the other hand, contends that the people do want the bridge for several good reasons, one being that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the centre of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator Hill, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the railroads and the people want the bridge.

Wolf belongs to a family of nine children, all helplessly young but himself and a senior brother. During the day he attends a public school, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, but he works from the time school is out until 7 o'clock, when he goes home with never less than a dollar in his pocket. He has a monkey bank, and by agreement with his mother is allowed to keep one-fourth of all his earnings, which goes to pay for his shoes and clothes.

An effective dinner gown is of corn-colored bengaline. "Baby" ribbon is used to trim this pretty dress, being introduced at the bottom of the skirt in a series of Vandykes and bordering the square, full, bustle.

A table d'orange gown is of black silk, embroidered with yellow roses. The skirt is plain, the bodice full, with a deep corsage belt, of black satin, and ribbon gathered in a full bow at the centre of the back. The bodice opens over a yoke of black silk covered with black guimpes, and the bodice is closed with a full puffed sleeves. A tea jacket of black and pink brocade silk has a full front of rose du Barry pink chiffon. The sleeves are rather new, the upper portion of silk being cut diagonally across the elbow and edged with black lace, which falls over the full undersleeve of chiffon.

Men don't buy the paper 'cause you holler at them; they buy it 'cause they want it. And when you holler all the extra it only makes them tired. You just want to save paper, sir, and hand the one he looks on. And you have to hurry, 'cause he doesn't want to stop, for he won't get a seat in the bridge cars. A man will not always buy the paper if you give him the right one, but he gets it if you offer the one he doesn't like."

"Wet weather is always bad for the newsboy. Nobody wants to stop, and the roads get all the traffic. But a fog is bully and so is a fire. If it's big enough, little fires isn't much good. When a steamer's lost or a man's been electrocuted everybody, even the children, wants a paper."

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

The proposed North River Railroad Bridge, to connect New York and New Jersey, is exciting quite a commotion at Washington. A bill authorizing its construction is before the Senate Committee on Commerce. It is stoutly opposed by Mayor GRANT and as stoutly advocated by Senator HILL.

Mayor GRANT sends a protest to the Senate Committee, similar to one previously sent to the House, in which he declares that the people of New York do not want the bridge and that there is no public sentiment in favor of the project.

Senator HILL, on the other hand, contends that the people do want the bridge for several good reasons, one being that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the centre of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator Hill, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the railroads and the people want the bridge.

Wolf belongs to a family of nine children, all helplessly young but himself and a senior brother. During the day he attends a public school, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, but he works from the time school is out until 7 o'clock, when he goes home with never less than a dollar in his pocket. He has a monkey bank, and by agreement with his mother is allowed to keep one-fourth of all his earnings, which goes to pay for his shoes and clothes.

An effective dinner gown is of black silk, embroidered with yellow roses. The skirt is plain, the bodice full, with a deep corsage belt, of black satin, and ribbon gathered in a full bow at the centre of the back. The bodice opens over a yoke of black silk covered with black guimpes, and the bodice is closed with a full puffed sleeves. A tea jacket of black and pink brocade silk has a full front of rose du Barry pink chiffon. The sleeves are rather new, the upper portion of silk being cut diagonally across the elbow and edged with black lace, which falls over the full undersleeve of chiffon.

Men don't buy the paper 'cause you holler at them; they buy it 'cause they want it. And when you holler all the extra it only makes them tired. You just want to save paper, sir, and hand the one he looks on. And you have to hurry, 'cause he doesn't want to stop, for he won't get a seat in the bridge cars. A man will not always buy the paper if you give him the right one, but he gets it if you offer the one he doesn't like."

"Wet weather is always bad for the newsboy. Nobody wants to stop, and the roads get all the traffic. But a fog is bully and so is a fire. If it's big enough, little fires isn't much good. When a steamer's lost or a man's been electrocuted everybody, even the children, wants a paper."

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

The proposed North River Railroad Bridge, to connect New York and New Jersey, is exciting quite a commotion at Washington. A bill authorizing its construction is before the Senate Committee on Commerce. It is stoutly opposed by Mayor GRANT and as stoutly advocated by Senator HILL.

Mayor GRANT sends a protest to the Senate Committee, similar to one previously sent to the House, in which he declares that the people of New York do not want the bridge and that there is no public sentiment in favor of the project.

Senator HILL, on the other hand, contends that the people do want the bridge for several good reasons, one being that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the centre of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator Hill, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the railroads and the people want the bridge.

Wolf belongs to a family of nine children, all helplessly young but himself and a senior brother. During the day he attends a public school, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, but he works from the time school is out until 7 o'clock, when he goes home with never less than a dollar in his pocket. He has a monkey bank, and by agreement with his mother is allowed to keep one-fourth of all his earnings, which goes to pay for his shoes and clothes.

An effective dinner gown is of black silk, embroidered with yellow roses. The skirt is plain, the bodice full, with a deep corsage belt, of black satin, and ribbon gathered in a full bow at the centre of the back. The bodice opens over a yoke of black silk covered with black guimpes, and the bodice is closed with a full puffed sleeves. A tea jacket of black and pink brocade silk has a full front of rose du Barry pink chiffon. The sleeves are rather new, the upper portion of silk being cut diagonally across the elbow and edged with black lace, which falls over the full undersleeve of chiffon.

Men don't buy the paper 'cause you holler at them; they buy it 'cause they want it. And when you holler all the extra it only makes them tired. You just want to save paper, sir, and hand the one he looks on. And you have to hurry, 'cause he doesn't want to stop, for he won't get a seat in the bridge cars. A man will not always buy the paper if you give him the right one, but he gets it if you offer the one he doesn't like."

"Wet weather is always bad for the newsboy. Nobody wants to stop, and the roads get all the traffic. But a fog is bully and so is a fire. If it's big enough, little fires isn't much good. When a steamer's lost or a man's been electrocuted everybody, even the children, wants a paper."

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

The proposed North River Railroad Bridge, to connect New York and New Jersey, is exciting quite a commotion at Washington. A bill authorizing its construction is before the Senate Committee on Commerce. It is stoutly opposed by Mayor GRANT and as stoutly advocated by Senator HILL.

Mayor GRANT sends a protest to the Senate Committee, similar to one previously sent to the House, in which he declares that the people of New York do not want the bridge and that there is no public sentiment in favor of the project.

Senator HILL, on the other hand, contends that the people do want the bridge for several good reasons, one being that they desire to be brought by the railroads to the centre of the city instead of landing at its outskirts.

On the issue as to public sentiment the Senator seems to have the best of the argument, because the State Legislature has already passed a bill providing for such a bridge, and Senator Hill, as Governor of the State, approved it. But the railroads and the people want the bridge.

Wolf belongs to a family of nine children, all helplessly young but himself and a senior brother. During the day he attends a public school, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, but he works from the time school is out until 7 o'clock, when he goes home with never less than a dollar in his pocket. He has a monkey bank, and by agreement with his mother is allowed to keep one-fourth of all his earnings, which goes to pay for his shoes and clothes.

An effective dinner gown is of black silk, embroidered with yellow roses. The skirt is plain, the bodice full, with a deep corsage belt, of black satin, and ribbon gathered in a full bow at the centre of the back. The bodice opens over a yoke of black silk covered with black guimpes, and the bodice is closed with a full puffed sleeves. A tea jacket of black and pink brocade silk has a full front of rose du Barry pink chiffon. The sleeves are rather new, the upper portion of silk being cut diagonally across the elbow and edged with black lace, which falls over the full undersleeve of chiffon.

Men don't buy the paper 'cause you holler at them; they buy it 'cause they want it. And when you holler all the extra it only makes them tired. You just want to save paper, sir, and hand the one he looks on. And you have to hurry, 'cause he doesn't want to stop, for he won't get a seat in the bridge cars. A man will not always buy the paper if you give him the right one, but he gets it if you offer the one he doesn't like."

"Wet weather is always bad for the newsboy. Nobody wants to stop, and the roads get all the traffic. But a fog is bully and so is a fire. If it's big enough, little fires isn't much good. When a steamer's lost or a man's been electrocuted everybody, even the children, wants a paper."

Why not put the question of bridging the North River to the test of a popular vote?

LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.